

Who To Trust

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Summary: Everybody knows that Toothless is the only Night Fury alive—at least, that's what they think. So, it comes as a bit of a surprise when a female Night Fury comes crashing down into the cove. A female Night Fury with a witty and arrogant attitude and a sharp tongue, for that matter. But Toothless is in no position to be picky, right?

OCxToothless REWRITTEN

1. Chapter 1

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

The light of the full moon shines upon me, making my black scales glint in the night. The purple markings on my head and down my spine look a little brighter now, but I quickly slip into the low-hanging fog and disappear. Sneaking through another Night Fury's territory in the day is difficult. However, sneaking through another Night Fury's territory at night is much easier.

I slink through the woods, moving like a shadow as I search for prey. The scent of a badger reaches my nose and I follow the trail. It leads me to a burrow, which reeks of the scent. Sticking my head into the hole, I let my nose guide me towards the prey. A loud hiss sounds from the darkness and I feel claws whisk by my nose. Jerking my head, I back away from the burrow and continue with my search.

Only a few moments later, I hear the high-pitched shrieking of bats. Looking up, I see a large flock of bats passing by overhead, flapping their wings frantically and shrieking loudly. Licking my lips, I bunch up my muscles before leaping into the air. My outstretched claws snag one of the winged mammals and I also clamp my teeth down on another.

Landing with a loud thump, I quickly gobble up the one in my mouth before tearing into the other bat. Before I'm even halfway done, something suddenly barrels into my side and knocks me off my paws.

Yelping, I scramble up and whirl around.

My attacker turns out to be the Night Fury that owns this territory. He's much bigger and older than me, and I can see that his hide is full of scars from previous fights. Now, unlike other female Night Furies, I prefer fight to flight, but I _do _know when to flee. And I'm starting to think that this _might _be one of those moments.

Before I can turn and run, though, the Night Fury lashes out with his front paw towards my face. I duck and then ram my head into his chest. He wheezes as the breath is knocked out of him and stumbles backwards. Snarling, I rear up on my hind legs before bringing my weight down on him. Unfortunately, he sees this coming and meets me in an upright lock, wrapping his forepaws around my shoulders while I push back at him. We wrestle for a few moments, but eventually he overpowers me and flips me underneath him.

Seeing his exposed belly, I rake my hind claws across the softer scales. He screeches in agony and I push him off of me. Clambering to my paws, I whirl around and start to race away. Before I can get more than a few meters away, the Night Fury catches up to me and pounces. His claws slice my right hind leg and I yelp in pain.

Stumbling, I lose my balance and fall down, rolling a couple of times and then slamming into a tree. As I recover, the Night Fury stalks towards me, his broad shoulders glinting in the moonlight.

"Think you can just stroll into my territory and take my prey, don't you?" he hisses.

I bare my teeth and crouch in a defensive position, "Back off! This doesn't have to get any worse."

The larger male laughs, "And why is that? Oh, go ahead. Try and reason with me when _you're _the one who stole my prey. Maybe I'll even take pity on you." He gives me a malicious, wicked grin revealing his thorn-sharp teeth.

Raising my hackles, I snarl, "We don't need to kill each other when Night Furies are scarce enough. There are few of our kind left and I don't know about you, but I wouldn't like to go extinct!"

The male narrows his eyes and glares at me. When he doesn't reply, I assume that he's pondering about my point. After a few moments, he growls and suddenly lashes out. I try to dodge, but he manages to clip my right windflap.

I hiss in pain as he snarls, "Don't ever think about coming back here! Now go- before I change my mind!"

I bite back a stinging retort and instead dip my head, slinking away. Unfurling my wings, I leap into the air and, with two strong downstrokes, I'm out of the forest.

Once I'm riding the wind, I do a mental check of my health. The bats weren't enough to fill my stomach, but hunger isn't something I'm not used to. The scratch on my right hind leg feels deep and throbs with pain. I worry for a moment about blood-loss, but then reassure myself that the wound can't be deep enough for that to be a problem. The

slice on my windflap will most likely only leave a nick, and the cuts on my shoulders from when we were wrestling are shallow. Aside from other minor scrapes and bruises, the rest of my body is intact.

I can feel fatigue creeping up on me and my muscles begin to ache from weariness. Sleep didn't come well for me last night- not that it ever does. I've learned to always be vigilant, even in slumber, so I never fall into a deep sleep.

My mother was a very strict teacher when it came to survival. She would go on and on about how only the toughest dragons could withstand the hardships life could bring. Once my siblings and I were big enough to stand, she made sure that we were constantly on the move. We never stayed in one den for more than a few days before we were moving again. Whenever one of us got caught in something or was somehow delaying us, she would tell us to keep on going and leave them behind. Sometimes the straggler caught up, but most of the time I never saw them again.

Many might've considered my mother's lessons harsh and cruel to inflict upon dragons at such a young age. For a while, I did too and so did my siblings. But eventually I became grateful for my mother's teachings, no matter how unpleasant. I realized that experiencing these things at a younger age would better prepare me for my solitary adulthood, and my mother told me so.

She seemed to particularly favor me, for some reason. More than once, she told me that I have my father's strength and determination. I'd never met my father, but I could tell that she respected him greatly.

By the time I was a teenager and capable of taking care of myself, I was the last of my five siblings to survive. None of their deaths affected my mother or, after a while, me. So when the day came that my mother suddenly decided that it was time for me to leave and chased me away from the den, I accepted it quickly and left.

That was years ago, though, and now I need to utilize the skills she passed down to me. As I fly in no particular direction, I lick my paw and swipe it over the scratch on my windflap. The gash on my hind leg will have to wait until I reach a safe haven.

When the ocean appears underneath me, I dive down and splash the water over myself before regaining flight. The saltwater makes my wounds sting, but my mother taught me that it prevents infection and helps the healing process. A few minutes later, I feel the salt begin to numb the pain in my wounds and let out a loud sigh.

Flying higher into the air, I glance around and try to figure out where to go. I'm actually not sure where I am, since I entered the island on the other side and haven't explored what's over here. Narrowing my eyes, I try to spot the familiar shape of an island on the horizon. Unfortunately, the only thing I find is the sun beginning to peek over the water.

Sighing, I glance down into the ocean. To my surprise, I see a few dark shapes swimming underneath me. Darting downwards, I whip my tail into the water and create a splash. Flying back up, I watch as one of the dark shapes grows bigger until the head of a Thunderdrum pops out of the ocean.

Her eyes widen in surprise at seeing me, "Oh! A Night Fury!"

"Hello." I greet the tidal dragon, "I'm a little lost. Do you know where the nearest island is? Preferably one without other dragons."

The Thunderdrum ponders out it before replying, "Uhhhâ€¦ I don't travel to land very often, but I think there's an island in that direction." She points northwest, "I tend to come across many smaller rock formations before the actual island. I'm not sure about the dragon population, since I haven't been up there in a while, but I know that there's a Viking village on one side. You could just fly around to the other side and rest there."

"Thanks." I dip my head to her and then flap my wings, flying higher and higher until I'm right underneath the clouds. Pouring on speed, I angle my wings downwards and back as I flap. It's a trick my mother taught me when she was teaching us how to fly. It makes me a lot faster and has helped me get out of many bad situations.

The wind whips past me quickly, some straggling fog from the clouds making my scales wet. I fly for hours, and by the time I spot an island in the distance, the sun has fully appeared over the horizon. Like the Thunderdrum said, I can see a Viking village on one side of the island. Mustering whatever strength I have left, I tilt my wings and circle around the isle. The other side contains a thick forest, much to my pleasure. As I fly closer, I also notice a sheltered cove with a lake in the center.

Diving down to it, I spread my wings and gracefully land on a boulder. My muscles are weary from the fight, flying, and lack of sleep. Trying to push away a headache, I leap off of the boulder and stumble over to a tree. Curling up amongst its roots, I tuck my nose under my tail and fall asleep.

2. Chapter 2

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

When I wake up, the sun is high in the sky. Wearily, I lift my head and glance around. I couldn't have slept for more than a few hours, but why did I wake up? My question is answered when I hear human voices at the top of the cove.

"We're nearing the cove where I met Toothless."

Groaning, I stand up and arch my back, grunting in satisfaction as my sore muscles stretch. My right hind leg feels stiff from my wound, which has not scabbed yet. Ignoring the footsteps atop the cove, I straighten up and walk towards the lake. The water seems fresh, so I lower my head and lap some up. As I drink, I listen to the human voices.

"What if it isn't even a Night Fury?" One human asks.

"My dad said he saw a black dragon landing in the forest at dawn." another replies, "Even if it isn't a Night Fury, we should still find

out what it is."

The footsteps stop suddenly and I pause in my drinking. Glancing up, I see six teenage Vikings peering over the crust of the cove. Their eyes widen as they gaze at me and I let out an annoyed sigh. I don't have time for silly young humans.

Sitting down, I stretch out my hind leg so I can see my wound. A large, open gash runs from below my hip down to my shin. Frowning, I gently lick it, removing the dried salt from the ocean.

"She's beautiful." I faintly hear a female human say, "Look at her markings."

"She's definitely a Night Fury." Another human says in a light voice, "The markings must be natural for her breed."

Rolling my eyes, I tuck my leg back underneath me and then twist around, trying to lick the scratches on my shoulders. Unfortunately, the wounds are out of my reach and shake my head irritably. Even more unfortunately, the Vikings just seem to realize that I'm injured.

"Oh no! She's hurt!" I hear the female gasp. Glancing up at them, I watch as a scrawny male with brown hair turns and disappears briefly. I hear his voice say faintly, "Back, Toothless! Stay back with the others. I know you're excited, but we don't want to startle her." Soon, the Viking returns and says, "I'll go down there try to tame her."

"Okay. Be careful, Hiccup." the female says before going to snap at two blonde twins that started scuffling.

The human- Hiccup- carefully starts climbing down into the cove. I keep my gaze on him the whole time until he reaches the ground. Turning around to me, he raises his hands and slowly walks towards me. "Hey there, girl." he says softly, edging closer, "I'm not gonna hurt you. I just want to be friends."

Slitting my pupils, I hunch my shoulders and snarl at him. He stops and his friends call out to him warningly. Grumbling, I stand up and walk away. Climbing onto a flat rock trailing into the lake, I crouch down and glare at the human.

Hiccup continues walking closer to me, his hand outstretched. "Easy, girl." he soothes, "Where did you come from? Can I take a look at your injuries?"

I tense up as he comes too close for my liking. Seeing his prosthetic leg, I use my tail to swipe his feet out from under him, making him fall onto his back. He grunts and lays there for a moment, stunned.

"Hiccup! Are you okay?" another male calls from the ground level. Hiccup groans, slowly getting back up before reassuring his friend.

To my surprise, he doesn't give up and turns back to me. Instead of walking closer, however, he stays put. "You don't like humans very much, do you?" he asks, crossing his arms. I reply with a growl.

Sighing, the scrawny Viking turns around and calls out, "Toothless! It's your turn!"

I frown in confusion. What's he blabbering about?

Suddenly, I notice movement at the top of the cove and look up. My eyes widen in surprise when I see a Monstrous Nightmare, a Gronckle, a Hideous Zippleback, and a Deadly Nadder appear at the crust. What surprises me even more is a male Night Fury springing out of the forest and leaping into the cove.

As he bounds over to me, I snarl and raise my hackles. Taken aback, the Night Fury pauses and glances at Hiccup uncertainly. I notice that he has a saddle on his back and roll my eyes. He must be one of those Viking _pets _I've heard about.

Hiccup walks up to his dragon and pats his shoulder. "She's too hostile for me to approach her." I hear him murmur, "Try to calm her down, okay bud?" With that said, he backs away towards his friends, who are beginning to climb down into the cove with their dragons.

The Night Fury- who I assume is the Toothless that Hiccup called to- glances at his rider before turning back to me. He's much bigger and healthier than me, much to my displeasure, but I assume that's due to the fact that he's a _pet _and probably gets fed his meals. I feel his gaze roam over me, taking in my ragged appearance. A silence falls between us, with me glaring at him the whole time.

Finally, he speaks up, "Youâ€| you're a Night Fury." It's a simple statement, to which I scoff at.

"Obviously."

He ignores my rudeness and introduces himself, "I'm Toothless." I don't reply and instead sigh impatiently, glancing up at the sky. After a pause, Toothless asks, "Uh, what's your name?"

"Does it matter?" I snap irritably.

His eyes narrow slightly, "Yes, it does. I gave you my name, now you give me yours. I need to know what to call you."

"You don't need to call me anything," I sneer, "because I'm leaving." I move to step past him, but he jumps in front of me, preventing me from going further. I glare at him and lift my chin, "Get out of the way- or I'll make you."

"I don't think you _would_." he says and I let out a laugh.

"You don't know _anything _about me!" I retort. Rearing up on my hind legs, I slam my paws into his chest and make him stumble backwards. I would've gone past him then, but a burst of pain suddenly tears through my leg wound, making me grit my teeth.

Toothless looks surprised that I attacked him, but flicks his tail dismissively to Hiccup when his rider calls out to him worriedly. Noticing how I stopped moving and am slightly lifting my hind leg, his shocked expression disappears and is replaced by a slightly smug one.

"You're injured." he states, "We just want to help you."

I flatten my windflaps and growl, "I don't need your help." Forcing my leg to the ground, I try to step past him again, but once more he blocks my way.

"Well, seeing your wounds, it looks like you do need help." he points out, "What happened anyways?"

"I was just minding my own business when I got ambushed by a male Night Fury." I reply sassily, "Oh! Looks like it's happening again!"

Trying to reassure me, Toothless says, "I'm not going to hurt you-"

"Like you could!" I scoff sarcastically.

Looking strained, Toothless continues, "Look, why don't you come back to the village with us? My rider, Hiccup, and his friends will heal you and we have space for you to sleep."

I frown and turn my glare to the humans, who are watching us. "How could you trust them?" I hiss in disdain, "They used to kill thousands of us!"

Toothless turns around and shows me his tail, which has a fake flap to replace a missing one. I glance at it, hiding my shock behind an emotionless expression, and then up at him.

The other Night Fury says, "Hiccup saved me. Without him, I would never be able to fly and everybody would still be at war."

I gaze at him, and then at his fake flap. After a moment, I say cheekily, "And I wonder how this happened, hm?"

"That doesn't matter." Toothless replies, pulling his tail back and turning to me once more, "What does matter is that you're injured in a place that you've never been to before. Now, you could either come with me and meet friendly dragons, get plenty of food, a safe place to sleep as well as medicine for your wounds, or you can not come with us, hunt and sleep out here when winter is approaching, and not get any medicine, thus heightening the chances of infection by a lot."

I scowl, hating that he makes good points. I've always been good at surviving in unknown places, but now I'm wounded and autumn is almost over. That means prey will be harder to find, if I can even hunt any with my wounded leg. The last time I had a wound this big, it got infected and I got sick. Fortunately, that was when I was younger and, since I was her favorite and only child left, my mother reluctantly took care of me. But now I'm on my own, and if this wound gets infectedâ€¦ I don't want to think about what will happen.

I hesitate and glance up at Toothless, who is watching me. Wellâ€¦ I guess having some friends couldn't be too badâ€¦ and I don't really have any other place to go, soâ€¦ why not?

Sighing, I give in and say, "Alright, I'll go."

"Really?" he looks surprised, but instantly perks up, "Great! Come on over!" Turning around, he leads me over to the dragons and their humans, who smile at the sight of me coming over. I slowly pad after him, giving his friends wary looks.

The Deadly Nadder is the first one to approach me. "Hey, I'm Stormfly." she introduces herself. I nod and reply, "Hello, Stormfly."

The other female, a Gronckle, steps next to her and says, "I'm Meatlug. That's my rider over there," she nods towards a rather large male human, "His name is Fishlegs."

"Erâ€¦ okay."

The other two dragons introduce themselves as Barf 'N Belch and Hookfang. They also introduce their riders, who I couldn't care less about. Hiccup pats Toothless's head before walking towards me. I tense up as he stretches out his arm and pauses when he's about a foot away. Everybody watches us and I glance around uncertainly.

Stormfly catches my gaze and nods towards his hand. I look at it, and then at Hiccup. "Well, I'm not going to smell it, if that's what you're expecting!" I sneer.

Barf 'N Belch snicker while Hookfang and Stormfly chuff. Meatlug shakes her head and says, "No, he wants to put his hand on your head."

"Why would I let him do that?" I growl, "I don't know where he's been!"

Meanwhile, Hiccup pulls his hand back and says to his friends, "Oookay, maybe not. Perhaps she's not ready. I mean, she's been a wild dragon her whole life. Can't expect her to get cozy right away."

"Lets head back to the village." Astrid suggests, "Your dad will want to meet her."

The others nod in agreement, climb onto their dragons, and together we all take flight. For a moment, I consider making my getaway now and just flying off to a familiar island, but then the dragons all crowd around me and start talking. So, I just go with it and fly with them.

3. Chapter 3

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

Stormfly and Toothless talk to me a lot as we fly back towards the village. I feel a little overwhelmed and threatened by Toothless's excessive interest in me. Stormfly seems to see that and talks to me with a more laid-back and casual composure. Soon, I turn my full attention to her, completely ignoring the male Night Fury on my other side.

"I remember my days as a wild dragon before the Vikings caught me." she says, "We were at war at the time, of course. I really hated them and how they used me to train the humans to fight dragons- one time I almost killed Astrid!" she laughs and, deciding to be polite, I let out a chuff, "But then the whole thing with the Red Death happened and we had to put our differences behind us to survive. By the way, where were you when that happened? Toothless never recalled there being another Night Fury in the Queen's nest."

"I never strayed in her territory." I explain, "Only after I heard of her defeat was when I started exploring the islands I'd never been able to. Unfortunately, the other male Night Fury that attacked me yesterday had apparently also heard of her defeat and got there before I did."

Stormfly nods in understanding and asks, "Soâ€¦ do you know how many other Night Furies there are?"

I shake my head and reply, "No, I don't. The only ones that I've seen in my life are my family, a wounded female that is probably dead now, and that male. Plus Toothless, now." I add, casting a glance at the bigger male, who is flying ahead of the group.

His rider, Hiccup, glances over his shoulder and calls out, "Okay, guys, we're gonna dive down to the village now. Make sure that the Night Fury flies down with us. Snotlout, fly above her so that she'll have to go downwards when you dive."

I roll my eyes and hiss to Stormfly, "How stupid do they think we are?!" The Deadly Nadder shrugs while Hookfang takes his position above me.

I huff in annoyance and follow the group as we dive down towards a mass of wooden structures on different levels of the island. As we land, I feel my stomach lurch in sudden nervousness. The houses loom over me, making me feel trapped in a horrible way that trees don't. Vikings and domestic dragons give me strange and curious looks as they pass by; some even stop to observe me. I return their looks with a challenging glare, but soon turn my attention to a large, burly Vikings in front of a big house that we come to a stop to.

Hiccup walks up to him and says, "Dad, we found the dragon. You were right- she's a Night Fury."

Another Viking strides to the Hiccup's father's side, adding in, "And not a bad-looking one either, Stoick." He has a light aura about him, but 'Stoick' turns to him and says, "You might change your mind, Gobber."

Walking down the steps, Stoick pushes past the other dragons and stops in front of me. He looks at me and I meet his gaze stubbornly. When he stretches his hand out to touch me, I peel my lips back and snarl.

"Yeah, she needs to adjust to people andâ€¦ other dragons." Hiccup says, laughing nervously.

Stoick frowns and says gruffly, "She better not become troublesome."

Hiccup shakes his head, "No, no, don't worry. We're going to work on taming her, right after we heal her wounds."

His father nods, noticing my injuries, "That might part of the reason for her hostility. Take her inside and do what you need to do, but be cautious. She's still a wild dragon."

"I'll be careful, Dad." Hiccup promises, gesturing for me to follow him, "Come on, girl. Come inside."

Resisting an eye-roll, I climb up the steps towards the big house. Right before I enter, I hear Gobber say to Stoick, "Hopefully we'll have a few young Night Furies on Berk soon."

I stop dead in my tracks, causing Toothless to bump into me. _What did he just say? _

"What's wrong?" Toothless asks. I shake my head and continue walking into the house, barely acknowledging the strangeness of it all. Is that why they brought me here? So I can spend the rest of my life laying eggs and taking care of hatchlings? No, no, no! That is _not_ going to happen- especially not with _Toothless_!

Hiccup walks up a staircase but, now aware of Toothless being behind me, I sidestep and turn to him. Jerking my head up at his rider, I say to him, "You can go first. I'll be right behind you."

"Uh, sure." he agrees, seeming slightly suspicious. Brushing past me, he climbs up the staircase and I soon follow after him. He looks relieved that I actually followed him instead of running away. Leading me towards a nest/bed thing in the corner of the room, he says gently, "Lay down on this. Don't worry, it's softer than it looks."

"I've slept on rocks before." I scoff, stepping onto the bed, "Comfort doesn't really matter to me." The bed _is_ _actually_ rather comfy, but I don't say anything about it.

Hiccup appears at Toothless's side and says, "Hey, bud, make sure her wounds are clean while I find some bandages and medicine." Turning away, he walks out of the room, leaving Toothless and I alone.

We both look at each other at the same time. I harden my gaze and glare, daring him to make a move. When he actually leans down to my injured leg to lick it, I push him away and snarl, "I can do it myself!"

"Alright, alright." he ducks his head, backing up a bit.

Huffing, I turn so I can lick my wound. It stopped bleeding long ago, but it still hasn't scabbed. Carefully swiping my tongue over the gash, I grimace as it throbs in pain, attempting to conceal my discomfort from Toothless but failing. After a few more licks, the pain eases and I pull away.

Lifting my paw, I lick it before wiping it over the nick in my windflap. Fortunately, it's small enough to have already scabbed and I put my paw back down, not wanting to bother it.

The last thing that needs to be cleaned are the scratches on my

shoulders. Twisting around, I try to lick them, but, like before, they're just out of my reach. Grunting, I flick out my tongue desperately, twisting until I feel a sharp pain on one of the scratches. Hissing, more from annoyance than pain, I turn back around, realizing that I must've reopened one. Shaking my head, I say aloud, "Whatever, it's probably already-"

I cut off mid-sentence, interrupted by Toothless who actually has the nerve to lean forward and lick my scratches_. For a few moments, I just stay frozen, thoroughly surprised. Then, I narrow my eyes and glare at him. Apparently I haven't intimidated this guy enough.

Before I can say anything, though, Toothless surprises me further by sending me a glare of his own. "Don't bother arguing." he says sternly in between licks, "You can't reach them and Hiccup wants all of your wounds clean. You've already re-opened one of the scratches, so stay still unless you want to injure yourself further."

I hiss in response, but grudgingly lower my head and glare at the floor while he licks my narrow shoulders. After a minute or so, I feel that my scratches are clean, but the licking continues longer than necessary. Narrowing my eyes, I lift my head and pull away from him, shifting a bit so that there's more distance between us.

Just then, Hiccup's footsteps come pounding up the stairs, saving us from an awkward silence. The human appears at the top of the staircase, arms full of medicine and bandages. Walking over to us, he kneels down in front of me and dips his fingers in some gooey-looking stuff.

"Here." he says, reaching towards me cautiously. I fix him with a hard gaze, watching everything he does with sharp amber eyes. Despite not wanting to be touched by humans, I let him smear the cream over my wounds. The medicine soon eases the pain into a dull throb and I let out a sigh of relief. When Hiccup moves to bandage up my leg, I willingly stick it out to make it easier for him.

"Good girl." he says, finishing wrapping my leg. Standing up, he hesitates before reaching his hand towards me again. I growl lowly, but then realize that I owe him since he healed me and reluctantly lean towards him. His hand feels soft and cold on my warm and rather rough scales. I only let him touch me for a moment before pulling away.

Hiccup seems satisfied and says, "I knew you'd warm up eventually, girl. By the way, I need to give you a name."

I arch an eye skeptically. He's going to name me? Oh, please let it not be something as ridiculous as 'Toothless'_.

The Viking looks me up and down, and then suggests, "How about 'Raven'?" To Toothless, he asks, "Do you like 'Raven'?" Toothless nudges him and makes a noise as if to say 'yes'.

Hiccup nods, "Raven it is." Bending down, he pats the bed and continues, "Lay down, Raven. I know it's only dusk, but you should get some sleep. It'll help your wounds heal faster."

Grunting, I obediently lay down and curl my tail around my body.

Patting my head once more, Hiccup straightens up and says, "I have to go have dinner, but I'll be back later. Toothless," he turns to his dragon, "Uh, I guess you can stay with her if you want. I'll be with Dad." Turning around, he leaves the room again.

Toothless and I glance at each other. Huffing, I stand and turn around, curling up with my back facing him. He stays silent for a moment, and then says, "Uh, yeah, I think I'll take a nap too." I hear him moving behind me, but instead ignore him and close my eyes.

It takes a while to fall asleep, despite me being tired. I miss the sounds and scents of the wild around me. In this house- this _village_- all of the wild is muffled by metal and houses and bizarre sounds.

Eventually, however, darkness manages to take over my mind and send me into a dreamless sleep.

4. Chapter 4

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

When I open my eyes, it's nighttime. Lifting my head, I gaze out of the window at the shining full moon. The sky is cloudless and I long to be flying amongst the stars. Suddenly, I feel overwhelmed and caged in this house- this village. It was a mistake to come here; I have to leave while I can. I don't care if I'm wounded and it's almost winter. I've always been able to survive through the worst blizzards and my leg wound has been taken care of already. Why should I stay?

Turning my head, I glance around the room and immediately notice Toothless sleeping next to me. The larger dragon is curled up on the floor a few feet away, his low snoring filling the room. I gaze at him for a few moments, and then quietly stand up so I don't wake him.

As stealthily as I can, I sneak out of the window and land on the ground. Nobody seems to be awake at this time, so I quickly try to find my way out of the village. I _would_ _fly_ out, but I don't have enough space to unravel my wings and I don't want to wake anyone up.

I soon become frustrated, however, at my inability to find my way out of the village. The whole place is like a labyrinth, each street taking different turns and splits, and the houses look identical and yet different at the same time. How does anyone find their way around here?!

Suddenly, I hear footsteps pounding behind me and I quickly duck behind a building. Sniffing the air, I catch Toothless's scent and bite back a groan of annoyance. I must've woken him up somehow.

I see him padding down the street, head swinging back and forth. I'm just about to slink past him when he starts sniffing the air and I freeze. He continues sniffing before finally turning to me. His eyes brighten when he sees me, but I growl and start running in the opposite direction.

My injured leg aches in protest, but I ignore it and continue running, hearing Toothless give chase after me. "Raven!" he calls out, "Raven, wait!" I hiss in response and take a sharp turn. Pain tears through my leg and I stumble, grunting as I hit the ground. I quickly scramble back to my paws, but the delay was long enough for Toothless to catch up with me.

Dodging him, I continue dashing down the street with him close by. It might be due to my injured leg, or maybe the fact that he's bigger than me, but soon he manages to speed ahead of me and jump in my path. Grunting, I skid to a stop, my nose hitting Toothless's shoulder before I stumble back a few paces.

"Raven!" he exclaims, "Where are you going? It's the middle of the night!"

"I'm leaving." I say, ignoring how his expression turns sorrowful, "I can't stay here, Toothless. I have to go back to the wild."

"Why?" he asks.

I flex my claws and jerk my head to the houses, "This- this just isn't natural. At least, not for me. I don't belong here, I belong in the trees."

"It was strange for me at first, too." he tries to reassure me, "But you'll get used to it! You'll soon see what a great place this can be!"

I flatten my windflaps and point out bluntly, "I never said I'd stay here forever." Shaking my head, I sigh, "I have to go. Thanks for the help." I brush past him and start walking towards where I smell the shore. Before I can get more than a few meters, Toothless stops me, but this time with his voice.

"Ravenâ€¦ please don't leave."

Maybe it was the desperation in his words that makes me stop, but I do and glance over my shoulder. He stays standing where I left him, gazing at me with a crestfallen expression.

Turning around, I ask, "Why should I?"

He lifts a paw to walk towards me, but then puts it back down. Sighing, he says, "You're the only Night Fury I've ever known besides my mother and siblings. For the longest time, I thought I was the only one leftâ€¦ and then you came, saying that there were more of us. Not a lot, but some, and that was enough for me. Please, Raven, justâ€¦ stay. At least until winter is over."

For a few moments, I forget my usual snarky attitude as I stare at him. He looks soâ€¦ depressed. Like he's completely given up. I consider the weight of his words, and then sigh. I may be rude, but I'm not cruel.

Slowly nodding, I walk back towards him, "Fine. Just until winter is over."

He practically deflates with relief and says, "Oh, thank goodness."

Don't worry, Raven, you won't regret this!" Turning around, he starts leading the way back to the house.

As I follow him, I wonder just what I've gotten myself into.

* * *

><p>The next day, Hiccup feeds Toothless and I some fish before leading us down to the village. As we walk, Toothless keeps casting glances at me and staying close, as if making sure that I don't decide to run off. I roll my eyes, but decide to ignore this.<p>

We meet up with the rest of the dragon riders in a circular area in the village. Hiccup announces that we're going to something called the 'Dragon Academy'.

When I question what it is, Stormfly replies, "It's where we train. Like, for battle, or flying, or just daily stuff. Sometimes we play games."

"Huh." I huff, following them as we reach the arena. It's nothing more than a stone hollow with netting above.

Once we're settled in, Hiccup grabs everyone's attention, "We should start with taming Raven. She allowed me to touch her yesterday, but I want to see if she'll allow the rest of you to do so."

"I'll go first." Astrid volunteers. As she walks towards me with her hand stretched out, Hookfang drawls, "Please, don't growl at her this time. Things will move way faster if you just let her put her hand on your head."

I suppress another eye-roll (it seems like I'm doing this a lot lately) and allow Astrid to touch me. To make me feel better, Stormfly says, "Don't worry, she bathes every day, so she's clean."

"I can't say the same about Ruffnut." Barf says, and Belch adds, "Nor Tuffnut."

I wince as the two twins pet me, trying not to imagine their filth. Soon, all of the riders have petted me and rejoin their dragons.

"Alright," Hiccup says, lifting up a strange-looking object, "First thing's first. We've got to saddle her up."

* * *

><p>I do not like saddles. After about an hour of chasing, dodging, and an unfortunate trip, the riders finally managed to strap the saddle on my back. Meanwhile, the dragons had sat back and watched the scene play out before them, occasionally commenting or bursting out with laughter.

Now, we're all back in the townsquare (a new word I learned), curled up on spongy grass and a pile of food in front of each of us. In my case, a pile of fish. It feels weird to not have to hunt for my food- even weirder to be wearing a saddle- and I'm faintly reminded of my days as a hatchling when I was too young to hunt. Back then, my

mother hunted for us, but once we were old enough to kill, we had to catch our own food or starve.

This is nice, though. Sure, the fish isn't as fresh as a newkill, but I'm glad that I didn't have to work my injured leg to hunt.

The other dragons are friendly enough. I especially like Stormfly. She's surprisingly easy to talk to and we both seem to like each other. Despite being soft and kind on the outside, I remember how she was during training. Underneath it all, she's hardcore and tough- and I like that.

So as I eat and chat with the group, I begin to think that maybe this wasn't such a bad idea at all. Suddenly, my scales start to prickle and I glance up, seeing Toothless watching me. Snorting, I turn back to my meal and swallow another fish.

Maybe.

5. Chapter 5

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

Time is a funny thing.

Sometimes, time goes slowly, making it feel like every second is dragging by. Other times, it flies past so quickly that you don't even notice.

Occasionally, both happen at the same time.

This is one of those times.

Everyday on Berk feels like an adventure. We go to the Dragon Academy in the morning to plan out the day. Our activities range from battle training, flight training, patrolling, playing, hunting, and even some exploring. I told the others about all of the places I know and led the way to them. Hiccup added them to his extensive map while the dragons played and roamed around the new island.

Although I still have my stubborn, proud, and prickly manner, I've lightened up towards Toothless and the Vikings. I've even gone so far as befriending them. Usually, I hang out with Stormfly and Meatlug, who've become my closest friends. Toothless tries to accompany me as much as possible, but with Hiccup being the Chief's son and his limited flight, he isn't always around.

I enjoy being on Berk, though. Perhaps a bit too much. Before I know it, winter has passed and spring is setting in. These last three months have gone so quickly and yet so slowly. Toothless seems happy that I've stayed for so long, but I notice how he gets wary around me whenever we see an obvious sign of winter's end and spring's beginning reign. I know that he's worried that I might leave, since I only promised to stay for the winter, but now I'm not sure if I want to leave. Every time I start to think about it, I just shake my head and focus on something else. I want to delay this problem for as long as possible.

At the moment, the gang and I are patrolling Berk's skies, which are

thick with dark clouds. After a failed attempt to ride me a couple of months ago, Hiccup decided that nobody should ride me and that I can just follow them.

"Fishlegs," Hiccup begins ordering, "you take Ruff, Tuff, and Snotlout and patrol east and south of the village. Astrid, Raven, and I will take the other side."

"You got it, Hiccup." Fishlegs says, veering off from the band with his assigned group trailing after him. Once they're gone, the rest of us fall into a V formation, Hiccup and Toothless in the front. We head towards the west side of Berk and fly in silence.

Nothing abnormal appears as we patrol the west side. When we reach the north, however, I spot something in the distance and say, "Hey, look over there!"

Stormfly and Toothless glance towards where I nod at. A moment later, Stormfly exclaims, "They're dragons! Rouges, by the looks of it. They're heading this way!"

Hearing the racket her dragon is making, Astrid pats her shoulder, "Easy there, girl. What's wrong?"

Just then, Hiccup spots the dragons as well and makes Toothless stop, "Rogue dragons!" Said dragons have come close enough for me to see what they are. Two Thunderdrums and a particularly nasty-looking Whispering Death.

"We should drive them off!" Astrid shouts. She's about to fly over to them, but Hiccup stops her, "No, wait! We can train them!"

"Are you crazy?" she retorts, "That Whispering Death looks like he's out for the kill! It's too dangerous to try."

"We don't know that!"

As the two continue to argue, I turn towards the south and roar at the top of my lungs, "MEATLUG! BRING THE OTHERS OVER HERE! WE HAVE A SITUATIOOOOON!"

Toothless and Stormfly stare at me while their riders rub their ears. "I'm surprised she didn't send Berk tumbling into the ocean." Hiccup groans. I huff, proud of my strong vocal cords.

On the other horizon, I see Meatlug, Hookfang, and Barf 'N Belch flying towards us. I bare my teeth in a dragon-grin and call over my shoulder, "They're coming!" Below us, the three rogues have arrived at Berk. The two Thunderdrums start wreaking havoc on the shore while the Whispering Death burrows into the ground, spraying dirt everywhere.

I flex my claws in excitement. I haven't had a good fight since the other male Night Fury that attacked me in his territory. My wounds have completely healed since then and I'm just itching to get some good action.

Right before the others reach us, however, Toothless flies in front of me, "Wait, Raven. Go back to the arena and stay safe. This could get ugly and I don't want you to get hurt."

I pin my windflaps back in indignation and retort, "What are you talking about?! I'm one of the best fighters here- you need me!"

"Raven, please, just stay out of this!" he says, sounding somewhat pleading. His eyes are worrisome and I snort.

"I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself, Toothless." I snarl, "I've been in more battles than you think."

"I know." he says, nodding, "I know. And I respect that. But I want you to stay behind as back-up. Or in case one of the dragons escapes the battle and heads towards the village. You're fast and strong, so you could catch them and hold them off until we come to help."

It's a petty excuse. I know that he only wants me to stay back because he thinks that he has to protect me. However, I see no point in arguing and instead growl, "Fine."

Turning around, I dive down back towards the Dragon Academy. Landing on top of the cage-like roof, I turn around to watch the fight. In the distance, I can see the gang flying down towards the feral dragons. After that, they disappear from my sight, but I can still hear the sounds of the fight. For the next ten minutes, shrieks, cries, and yowls ring out through the air. Finally, one Thunderdrum lets out a particularly loud screech and flies up back into my view again. I tense up, ready to fight, but it merely turns towards the sea and flees, soon followed by the other Thunderdrum.

The Whispering Death doesn't give up so easily, though. By the way that the ground shakes and the sounds of fighting stops, I assume that he burrowed into the ground. Frowning, I raise my wings and fly over to my friends.

* * *

><p>"We need to freshen up on battle skills in case of an attack like yesterday." Hiccup announces.<p>

We're currently in the Dragon Academy arena. The yesterday's fight left the gang with only a couple of injuries. Toothless had pulled a wing muscle in a failed attempt to dodge an attack from the Whispering Death. Hiccup hasn't allowed him to fly since then and he isn't allowed until tomorrow. The male Night Fury isn't exactly happy about that and has been sulking all day.

"We should start with Raven." Astrid says, "She knows the most about Wild Dragon fighting skills." She climbs onto Stormfly and walks into the center of the arena. I follow her and, when she turns around, drop into a battle crouch. The others stand on the edge of the arena and watch as we begin to circle each other.

"Remember not to hurt each other." Hiccup warns.

I roll my eyes and remark, "As if she could hurt me!"

"We'll see about that!" Stormfly growls before lunging towards me. I dodge to the side and quickly dart towards her, giving her hind leg a

little nip. She hisses and whirls around, just as Astrid commands, "Stormfly- wing slap!"

Before I can duck, the Deadly Nadder raises her wings and slams them onto me. I yelp and ram my head into her chest. She wheezes, stumbling backwards for a moment, and then we start circling each other. For the next few minutes, we battle consistently and without causing harm. Eventually, I come out on top, but I'm out of breath.

"Great job, guys!" Hiccup says, "If we're ever fighting on the ground, those are good moves to use. Let's move on to sky attack."

Stormfly backs away and Hookfang replaces her. "Ready to be beaten?" he taunts, leaping up into the air.

Taking flight, I reply, "Are _you_?"

Once we're a good length off of the ground, Hookfang lunges towards me and I allow myself to drop down a few feet. Since I'm a little tired from the last fight, I decide not to drag this one out. Surging upwards, I bat his head sideways while my tail whacks between his shoulder and his neck, careful not to hit Snotlout. In one swift movement, I fly above him and use my downward wing stroke to make his wingtips collide. The move jolts Hookfang's shoulder causing him to yowl in pain, falling to the ground in a heap.

"Sorry!" I yelp, landing beside him. The Nightmare groans and stands up, "What was that move?"

The gang rushes over as Hiccup says angrily, "I said no hurting each other!" I bow my head as they help Snotlout, who is a little dazed, get off. Afterwards, Fishlegs goes to check on Hookfang.

"He's okay." the larger teen announces, "He'll just be sore for a little while."

Hiccup straightens up and says, "Okay, that was a useful move, but we shouldn't use it in training."

As the gang starts separating into couples to train, I pad over to Toothless, who is watching the session from afar. Since Hiccup won't allow him to train until his wing heals, he's been a bit grumpy today, but perks up when he sees me approaching.

"That was a nice move you did back there." he compliments as I sit beside him, "Who taught you it?"

Glancing at him, I reply swiftly before turning back to the training.

"My mother."

6. Chapter 6

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

"Wooooo-hoooo!" I howl in ecstasy as I belly-slide down a snowy

mountain. This has proved to be one of the funnest things about Berk-having a sliding race down the mountains, which are almost always covered in snow. Meatlug, Barf 'N Belch, and Hookfang are behind me while Stormfly and Toothless are battling for the lead.

Narrowing my eyes, I flatten myself closer to the ground and try to catch up to them. Stormfly whips her tail, sending a flurry of tail spikes towards Toothless and Hiccup. They narrowly dodge the projectiles and Hiccup yells, "Hey!"

"It was her idea," Astrid says from atop of Stormfly, "but I approved!"

Toothless growls playfully and lunges towards them. Opening a wing, he causes her to lose control and slide into some leafless, thorny bushes. I wince as the branches whip both Stormfly and Astrid.

"Not fair!" Astrid yells when they clear the bushes.

"Oops. Did I do that?" Hiccup says sarcastically and Toothless snickers.

I grin and surge forward. Noticing a small hill coming up, I move towards it and slide up the slope. Then, once in the air, I dive down to two and land in front of Toothless. I barely miss him and my tail bats his nose.

"Raven!" Toothless exclaims in surprise. I laugh and slide ahead of him.

Suddenly, the ground begins to tremble and the air is filled with the sound of rumbling. I glance up to see Meatlug, Hookfang, Barf N' Belch flying high over us. Meatlug is roaring something to us, but the rumbling has gotten so loud that I can't even hear her. I see Astrid turn around and scream. "Avalanche!" she yells and Stormfly immediately flies up.

"Raven, fly!" Toothless orders from behind me. I glance back at him and notice that he's having some trouble taking off.

"His tail's frozen!" Hiccup shouts and my heart lurches. As the Viking starts climbing towards his tail, Toothless roars, "What are you waiting for, Raven? Fly- get out of here!"

"I'm not leaving you!" I snap back, spotting the flood of snow tumbling towards us. Looking away, I see that we're sliding right towards a trench. I inwardly groan. Of course this happens!

Astrid and Stormfly notice it too and Astrid yells, "Hiccup, give me your hand!" She flies as low as she can and reaches her arm out.

Frowning, I stretch my forelegs out and unsheath my claws, slowing down so that Toothless bumps into me. "What are you doing?" he yelps as his chest slides onto my hind quarters. Ignoring him, I brace my forepaws, which are still sliding, on the snow and rear up, attempting to kick Toothless into the air with my back legs.

"Jump!" I say as I push him up, "I'll help you fly!"

"You're going to get yourself killed!" he snarls, batting my paws away. Suddenly, the ground beneath my gives away to air and I feel myself falling. Toothless and I shriek, but I also hear Stormfly, which means that she and Astrid got swept up by the avalanche too.

Mid-fall, Toothless reaches out for me with his forepaws and manages to grab me by my wing. I feel him tuck me close to him and then we hit the ground with a loud thump. The impact knocks the breath out of me and I wheeze, gasping for air.

Opening my eyes, I glance around, trying to see in the pitch blackness. I feel warmth above me and take a sniff. Through the cold, I make out Toothless's scent.

"Astrid?" Hiccup's voice suddenly cuts through the silence.

My head swivels towards the sound and Astrid replies with a shuddering voice, "Hiccup? Hiccup, I'm freezing."

"Come here."

There's a moment of shuffling in which I try to get my bearings. It's cold, but not as cold as I thought it would be. I don't feel snow all around me, only on my tail and right hindquarter, which hurts a bit. I'm assuming we're at the bottom of the trench, but how are we still alive?

Suddenly, I feel Toothless grow warmer above me and he shoots a plasma blast into the darkness. "Toothless?" Hiccup murmurs. A few feet away, I see a stream of Stormfly's fire shoot towards the same place. "Stormfly?" Astrid says with the same confusion as Hiccup.

After one more blast from Toothless, a dim light shines down on us. Glancing around, I realize that we're in some kind of snow-dome formed by Toothless and Stormfly's wings. Blinking, I see Astrid and Hiccup in each others' arms and looking up at the light. Then, they seem to realize their closeness and immediately scoot away from each other, mumbling lame excuses. To make it less awkward, Astrid punches Hiccup's arm and Stormfly chuckles.

Then, I notice my own awkward position. I'm curled up as small as possible with Toothless crouching over me, pushing me closer to the ground. The warmth that I felt above me was the plasma heating up in his chest, which is pressing down on my narrow shoulders. The only part of me that isn't beneath him is my tail and part of my haunches, although they are still somewhat covered by his tail, which is curled around me.

Of course, he doesn't seem to realize howâ€¦ embarrassing this situation is and makes no move to get off of me, instead gazing up at the hole in the snow-dome. It's only when I shift awkwardly that he tears his gaze away and looks down at me. Immediately, his eyes widen and he straightens up, giving me enough space to wriggle out from under him.

Coughing awkwardly, he mutters, "Uh, sorry."

I simply grunt, choosing not to reply since my scales are burning in

humiliation. Stormfly catches my eye and winks. I wrinkle my muzzle and glare at her, silently daring the Nadder to say anything snarky.

* * *

><p>We decide to spend the next day training instead of playing. Unfortunately, I had hurt my leg in the fall down the trench. I tried not to let it show, but it hurt a lot. Toothless immediately noticed and has forbidden me to take part in any training for the next two days, much to my annoyance. He even tried to make me go to sleep early, but I had snarled, "Don't push it." and he disregarded the idea.<p>

So, here I am, watching from the edge of the arena as the other dragons work on battle training. They fire at targets and work on ground battle while I sulk in the corner. Stormfly and Meatlug try to cheer me up occasionally, but their riders eventually make them participate in the training.

The sound of thundering feet reaches my ears and I lift my head, looking at the entrance of the arena. Stoick and Gobber burst in, alert and breathing heavily.

The training dragons stop and I stand up. "It's those rogue dragons again." Stoick informs us, "They're back over at Black Heart Bay. It looks like they've brought a couple of more friends this time."

"We'll be right there." Hiccup says, "Go look for Thornado- we might need the help, but only come if we call you." As Stoick and Gobber jog away, Hiccup turns to us, "Okay, ready guys? Remember your training." They all nod, ready for battle, and begin to exit the arena.

I move to follow them, but Toothless blocks my way. "I want you to stay again." he orders.

I flatten my windflaps and growl, "Why can't I come? I'm one of the best fighters!"

"You're injured." he replies, nodding at my leg, "I don't want you to get more hurt than you already are."

"I've fought while injured before." I retort, "Probably more than you ever have."

Toothless narrows his eyes and straightens up, adopting a more authoritative aura, "Raven, as dragon of the Chief to-be, I command you to stay out of this fight."

I stare at him incredulously. He really thinks that his _authority _will make me stay?

Before I can snap back, he turns and trots over to Hiccup, letting his rider climb onto him. Then, he leads the gang out of the arena and into the sky. I watch them fly over to Black Heart Bay, frowning a little. After a few minutes, I begin to hear the sound of screeching dragons and roll my eyes.

Padding out of the arena, I leap into the air and fly towards the sounds. The battle is now high over the forest, with the rogues pushing the gang inland

Ha! They _do _need my help! I don't care if Toothless is too stubborn to admit it.

Smirking, I fly over to the battle.

7. Chapter 7

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

I fly high above the battle, carefully analyzing the situation. The gang seems to be outnumbered, six to five. See, this wouldn't have been a problem if they had just brought me along. The two Thunderdrums are back, along with a Timberjack and a trio of Changewings. Not dragons that you would normally see around here.

The gang isn't doing so well, since they're not used to dealing with these kind of dragons. Narrowing my eyes, I pick out a Changewing and then fold my wings, diving towards it. The dragon is completely unaware of my attack until I slam into it, wrapping my wings around it so that it can't escape as we both fall towards the ground. I notice that we're heading towards the Cove and, before I hit the ground, let go of the Changewing and swoop up sharply from the dive.

Glancing down, I see the dragon lay motionlessly on the dirt, a groan escaping from its throat. Huffing, I land next to it and make sure that it's not dead. Suddenly, the ground beneath me rumbles and churns. I leap out of the way, just in time to see a Whispering Death burst out from the earth where I stood.

I recognize him as the same one that got away from the fight the other day. He snaps his jaws and whirls towards me. I raise my hackles and prepare to fight.

The Whispering Death lunges at me and I dodge, quickly taking flight. Diving towards him, I sink my teeth into his scruff and drag him fully out of the ground, my jaw straining in the effort. The crown of spikes around his head raise and attempt to scratch me so I let go. He snaps at me as I fly backwards and I rake my claws across his face.

He howls in pain and shoots multiple rings of fire towards me. I retaliate with a plasma blast that easily cuts through his fire and hits him in the face. He hisses and I dive, ducking underneath his head and biting his soft underbelly. The spikes on his flank try to scratch me, but can't get close enough to do more than graze my scales.

Letting go, I quickly lunge forward to bite his throat. The Whispering Death's chest suddenly jerks forward and the spines under his chin dig into my back.

I screech so loudly that I'm sure everybody in the fight above could hear me. I haven't been in a fight for so long that it surprises me

how much it hurts. The Whispering Death seizes his advantage and whirls around, whipping me with his tail and knocking me to the ground.

I pant heavily, scrambling to my paws and dodging another bite. My sore leg causes me to falter a bit and he bites my tail.

I cry out in pain, struggling to get away from him. I turn and bat at his neck, trying to get him to let go, but he won't. Suddenly, I remember the move that I used on Hookfang a while ago. Unsheathing my claws, I aim and hit in between the Whispering Death's shoulder and neck, sinking my claws into his scales. That causes him to let go of my tail and I quickly launch myself into the air, using my downward wing stroke to connect the tips of his. His shoulder gives a painful jolt and he goes rigid before collapsing on the ground in a heap.

I land on top of him, pressing my paws onto the back of his neck and forcing his head into the dirt.

"Raven!" I look up at Toothless's call. The rogue dragons have fled and now the gang is flying down towards me. I sigh happily, glad that the fight is over.

Suddenly, pain explodes on the side of my neck as long spikes rip into me. I shriek in pain and fall over.

"NO!" Everybody yells at the same time as the Whispering Death gets up. He had jerked his head backwards and dug his crown of spikes deep into my neck.

There's a moment of silence in which everyone is frozen in shock. Then, the sound of the gang growling rumbles through the air and they launch an attack on the spiny dragon, pure rage driving them on.

Meanwhile, I lay on my side, paws flailing as I gasp for breath. I taste blood on my tongue and turn my head to spit it out. I think I black-out out for a moment, either from pain for bloodloss, but I blink my eyes open when I feel someone pressing cloth against my wounds. It's Hiccup. Next to him, Toothless gazes at me with worried eyes.

"What were you thinking?!" he cries, "I told you to stay behind!"

"I'm sorry." I wheeze, and then cough, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have- I just- I wanted to-"

"Shh, shh." the Night Fury shushes me, pressing his nose against my forehead, "Don't talk. Don't waste your energy."

My eyes flutter and I whisper, "I think you're going to be alone again." I'm so sorry-

"No!" Toothless snaps sharply, "No! Never say that!" He gently shoves his head underneath me. It takes me a few moments to realize that he's trying to carry me on his back. Hiccup catches on and pushes my lower half on him.

Once I'm fully on his back, Toothless takes off, running out of the

cove and into the forest. I didn't notice before, but Stormfly is now at my side, keeping up beside him and making sure I stay on. Hookfang soon appears, muttering words of encouragement as he pushes me up when I slide down.

"Come on, Raven. Stay with us."

I cling onto Toothless with whatever little energy I have left. My mind starts to become fuzzy and my eyelids droop. "Wake up!" Stormfly barks. I force myself to stay awake and realize that we've entered the village. The Vikings and other dragons pass by in a blur. I barely notice us running into the house and up the stairs.

When Toothless stops running, I feel a wave of nausea hit me. Sliding off of Toothless's back, I turn and immediately start vomiting.

"Oh, Raven." Hookfang whines and I look up to see his head peering through the window. He must've been too big to come inside.

Shaking with weakness, I stumble onto Toothless's bed and collapse. Completely drained of energy, I take shuddering breath and close my eyes. I feel Toothless's rough and moist tongue licking my wound before everything turns into a blur. I think Hiccup and the gang comes in, but black dots soon cloud my vision and I slip into unconsciousness.

* * *

><p>I open my eyes to find myself standing in between light and darkness. Somehow, I know that light is death and darkness is life. Turning to the light side, I cautiously take a sniff. Instantly, the scents of all of my favorite foods and plants fill my nose. As well as another scentâ€¦ a scent that I haven't smelled in a long time. Peering closer, I see my mother running around and playing with all of my siblings. Catching my gaze, she stops and turns to me.

"_Oh, my dear." she says, her voice full of love, "You've come so far. You're no longer the little hatchling I once knew. You're a big, strong dragon and you've have such a wonderful life. Come with me, dear. Come play with your siblings." _

_I purr and take a step towards her, but then hesitate. Glancing over my shoulder, I peek into the darkness. I see myself, laying on the bed, surrounded by my friends. Stormfly, Hookfang, Meatlug, Barf 'N Belchâ€¦ and Toothless. _

_I blink and glance back at my mother. She nods in understanding and murmurs, "There's one thing that I haven't taught you, nor can I ever. This is a lesson you have to learn by yourself." She takes a step back and jerks her head towards the darkness, "Go. Your wonderful life isn't over yet." _

"_Are you sure?" I ask, my voice quivering._

My mother nods and takes another step back, "It's fine, darling. I can wait. I'll always wait for you."

_Letting out a long sigh, I finally tear my gaze away from her and walk into the darkness of life. _

8. Chapter 8

****THIS CHAPTER HAS BEEN REWRITTEN****

Blinking my eyes open, I find myself in near darkness. I can tell that it's nighttime. Feeling something on my lower back, I sleepily look to my left. Toothless is sleeping soundly next to me, his wing tucked over my back. Looking at him, I feel my chest fill with affection.

He has some bandaged wounds, which makes me notice the ones on me. My neck is wrapped up, as well as my tail and my back. My entire body aches and my neck wound throbs in pain. Sighing, I bury my nose under my paws and try to fall back asleep.

Suddenly, Toothless's wing tightens and pulls me closer to him. I must've accidentally woken him up. He stifles a yawn and raises his head, looking down at me. I blink wearily and give him a half smile. His eyes soften and he murmurs, "I'm so glad you're alive. You have no idea how worried I was."

"I can imagine." I whisper, my voice sore. I remember seeing him in my dream, fussing over me while Hiccup tried to heal me. I'd never seen him so worried and my heart aches when I realize that it was over me.

I reminisce when we first met how mean I was to him. I acted so rude and dismissive towards him when all he wanted to do was care for me. I was and still am the only Night Fury he's ever known. Now that I think about it, I realize that I've acted so selfish these past few months. Whenever he would try to be affectionate or caring, I would always push him away. Sure, I do talk to him, but I've never really taken the time to get to know him. Like he's done for me.

When he turns and starts sniffing my wounds, the feeling in my chest- no, the feeling in my heart flares up. Without thinking, I lift my head and press it against his chest.

The action surprises us both, but he soon licks my forehead and rubs his cheek against mine. When he does, it feels like I've never been safer before. His presence is like a shield around me, protecting me from the horrors of life. I can't help purring as we nuzzle each other and soon he does too. A silent communication passes between us, and I hear Toothless's voice in my ear, "I love you."

Joy fills my heart so much that I feel like my chest might burst. I'll never leave him, I realize that now. No matter how much I told myself I would in the past, I would never actually leave. And I know that I'll be happy with Toothless. When I push at him, he won't just go with it. He'll push back- and that's just how I like it. I don't want somebody that will take every retort I toss. I want- I need somebody with a backbone, somebody that will push back.

And I know that Toothless will be by my side until the end.

* * *

><p>Toothless's POV

Have you ever loved someone so much that it made your heart ache, or your blood race, or makes you feel like you're flying?

That's what I feel when Raven presses her head against my chest. Those three things slam into me, all at once. It surprises me, but I focus on Raven instead. After a few moments, I understand.

She feels the same way that I feel for her! I can tell when I look into her eyes and see her love for me. But I also see a dangerous, risky look that sends lightning into my heart and makes adrenaline flow into my veins.

I know that she likes how I push back at her whenever she snaps at me. I can take her snarky remarks and throw back even snarkier ones. And I like how she does the same to me. We balance each other out. She doesn't want somebody that will take every retort she tosses. She needs someone that will push back and I will be that someone. I will always be by her side.

Raven is a fierce, cunning, _wild _dragon and I know that our future together will be dangerous. But we'll face it all.

Side by side. Our scales brushing, our tails twined.

Our hearts in love, forever.

****THE END****

9. Author's note

****Hey guys! Guess what? I posted the first chapter of the sequel! Go onto my profile (I highly recommend reading it. It's really weird and funny) and look for the story called "Who To Fight".****

****I give partial credit to Freedom of the Eagle and ****johnnylee619 for helping me with the story. It would have taken much longer for me to come up with a plot without their help and support. ****

****So, that's about it. ****I'll try to update the story ever other day because I only have four chapters written and I don't want you guys to catch up so quickly cuz then you would have to wait for me to write the chapter and it might take a while and ya de da etc. ****

****Byes! ****

****May the odds be ever in your favor.****

****May the force be with you.****

****And some other stuff that I can't think of now.****

End
file.